

Do you get it then, James?

by Ghost

Category: Pok mon

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2000-05-03 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-03 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:11:19

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,136

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: After yet another failure, James runs away to... paint? My try on a rocketship story :

Do you get it then, James?

> <meta name="Generator"> Do you get it then, James

Disclaimer: Don't own, no money, don't sue.

Note: This one was inspired by a song by Cornelis Vreeswijk (one of the best Swedish singers in all time), called "Hajar'u de d  , Jack?" (Do you get it then, Jack?). It is one of those songs that makes me feel sad because there are so many people who do not understand Swedish and therefore can not understand the wonderful song. Anyway, this fanfic was inspired by it (but not based on it, if anyone of you do understand Swedish you will not find many similarities between this story and the song), and I hope you will all like it. The phrase "Do you get it then, James?" is not mentioned in the entire story, so don't look for it. This is my first attempt to write Romance that I have finished and I have no personal experience of this kind of stuff, so please be nice.

Do you get it then, James?

By Ghost

"Looks like Team Rocket blasted off again!"

Damn, Jessie thought just before crashing into a shubbery. She didn't hurt herself that much, but she was angry, and it didn't help that James landed straight on her.

"Get off me!" she shouted. "I can't believe you actually forgot about the nitro!"

"We should have used dynamite," James coughed. He had been closer to

the explosion then her and Meowth, and had soot all over himself. Jessie felt a bit pity for him, but her anger was much stronger. Speaking of Meowth, whereâ€¦

Meowth fell down from the tree and straight down in her head.

"Aaaargh!" she screamed. "James, this is all your fault!"

"I didn't thinkâ€¦" James began, but Jessie cut him off.

"No, you did not think, that's why you are a complete retard! Why couldn't I have got a partner that could actually think? I can't understand how you manage to screw everything up all the time! Did you take classes or something?"

James looked away. His eyes were filled with wounded pride. "I did not mean toâ€¦"

He fell silence and looked ashamed. His expression gave Jessie a sting in the heart, but she was still not prepared to take back what she said. She took a deep breath to calm herself down. "Let's get back to HQ."

"Yeah," James said absent.

James was quiet all the way back to HQ. When they came home he let Jessie take the shower first. The water calmed her down and as her anger washed away she remembered how hurt her partner had looked all the way back. She decided to apologise to him. After a long shower she got out and put her clothes on.

"Where is James?" she asked. Meowth had been reading the newspaper and looked up when she spoke to him.

"He went out for a while, said he had to do something," the pokÃ©mon said.

"Did he say when he would come back?" Jessie asked.

"He said something like "when I'm ready", or something like dat," Meowth answered. "Why?"

"Nothing," Jessie said and looked out the window. "Nothing."

Several hours later James had still not returned and when Jessie went to bed she had no idea where he was or what he was doing. She was convinced that she was the cause of his disappearance and if he went and did something stupid she would never forgive herself.

"Where can he be?" she asked the next day. She had eaten a tasteless breakfast and spent all morning pacing around, more worried than she had ever been.

"Would you calm down," Meowth said. "You're makin' a hole in da carpet."

"Why didn't he leave a message, whatâ€¦"

She suddenly discovered a piece of paper on the table that she had

not seen before. There was something written on it. She picked it up and read:

—

A lake did I find

And peace in my mind

—

Next to the text James had drawn a very detailed picture of a rose. She silently repeated the phrase to herself; it felt as she was on to something.

"Meowth," she said. "I think I have a hunch on where to find him. Stay here while I go and look for him."

"You don't want me to come with you?" Meowth asked.

"No," Jessie said. "This is something I have to handle for myself."

"What if da boss wants us? What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him the truth," she said as she left the room. "James has disappeared and I have gone to find him."

"Eh, sure," Meowth sighed when she closed the door behind her.

Jessie quickly jumped into the jeep and drove off. She just drove around for a while. Judging from the note James must have gone to a place where he could be alone, somewhere with a lake. She remembered that his family owned a cottage that they almost never used next to a little lake. It was guess as good as any and she decided to check it out.

It was quite a long drive and it was late at the day when she arrived. She immediately spotted James' motorcycle next to the cottage. She got out of the car and took a look around. It was indeed very peaceful. She found James sitting in front of the cottage turned towards the lake. He was dressed in simple, comfortable clothes and a straw hat. It looked kind of funny to his purple-blue hair. He had a palette and some brushes in his left hand and another brush in his right. He had an easel next to him with a half-finished painting on. He turned around when she came closer.

"Jessie?" he said. "How did you find me?"

"I found your little poem on the table and took a wild guess," she said and shrugged her shoulders. "James, I want to apologise for what I said to you yesterday, it was I who did not think, I didn't mean to hurt you."

"It's okay," he said. "That was not the reason I ran away."

Jessie had a feeling he did not tell the truth. "Why did you then?"

He shrugged his shoulder. "I needed a break, I was stressed out and had to calm down."

"You should have told me before you left," Jessie said and felt rather hurt.

"Oh, you have been worried about me?" James said, pretending to be surprised. "You where not in your best mood, you know."

She bit her lip. It was her own fault, and she knew she deserved it. Even though they argued from time to time James was her friend.

"So," she said. "What are you painting?"

"Oh," he said and looked at the painting as if he had not seen it until now. "I'm just painting what I see and what I think."

Jessie looked at the painting. It was the lake with the sun going down. The sky was not blue with delightful fluffy clouds but dark and stormy, red as blood around the sun. The lake looked cold and hostile. She shrugged; James was a very skilled artist.

"I caused you to paint this," she whispered, and it was not a question.

"Not at all," he said. "It is just a symbol for the storms in my mind. They are starting to calm down now." He sighed. "Are you hungry?"

"Yes," she answered. In fact she was starving. She had not had time to eat anything and the breakfast had not been enough. She felt hungry and tired.

"Come on," he said and turned towards the cottages. "I'll fix us something to eat."

The cottage was very cosy, it had a fireplace with a bearskin on the floor in front of it. James immediately started cooking. Jessie looked at the paintings on the walls.

"Did you paint these?" she asked.

"Yeah," she heard James say. "When I was young. It has always been my hobby."

"You are good," she said. "Have you ever tried to sell them?"

"Nah," he said. "I didn't exactly need money, you know, and I'm happy with the life I am living now, with you and Meowth."

"You do?" she asked. "Explosions all the time, having a boss that could shoot you in the back if he were in a bad mood and having me screaming at you?"

"Are you still concerned about that?" he asked. "I'm happy being a part of Team Rocket, our team."

She didn't say anything more about it. The smell off food reached her nostrils and it felt as if someone hit her in the guts.

"Dinner's ready," he said and she almost ran him over on her way to the kitchen. He had fixed them some sort of fried meat, rather simple but thanks to some spices he must have found somewhere and her hunger it was the best dinner she had ever had.

"That was superb," she said and smiled. He smiled back. _Gosh, he has a nice smile, _she thought.

"Thank you," he said. "It's nothing, really."

After the food she took another look at his paintings. He was good, there was no doubt about that. Suddenly she noticed a painting standing turned towards the wall in a corner.

"What's that?" she asked.

"That?" James said. "Nothing, nothing at all. Just some sketch."

He tried to get past her but she had already turned the painting around. He had told the truth, it was only a pencil sketch. It showed a woman sitting on a large branch of a tree. Her right leg was towards her body with the knee to her chest, holding it with her arms. The other leg hung down the branch. She was wearing a Team Rocket uniform, and though the face was missing she immediately recognised the long hair.

"Is this me?" she asked.

"Well, yes, I guess," James said, embarrassed.

"You "guess" it's me?"

"Okay then, it is you."

"Why have you begun working on a portrait of me?" she asked.

"It was the first thing that came to my mind when I arrived here," he confessed. "I wanted to paint you, but I had the image of you screaming at me in my head and I didn't want to portray you like that. You are a nice and beautiful person, I know that, so I let it be until I could shake that image out of my head."

"Oh, James, I don't know what to say," she whispered and looked at him. His eyesâ€¦ She had never realised how beautiful eyes he had, like emeralds. She kept staring at them, and they seem to come closer. Suddenly she realised that they were kissing. She was very surprised, and even more surprised when she realised she was enjoying it. She broke free from the kiss, feeling very confused.

"Jessicaâ€¦" James began.

"No," she whispered. "Sorryâ€¦ Iâ€¦ I can't think, I need toâ€¦"

She turned around and ran, out of the cottage. He wanted to run after her, but knew better. He sat down and sighed. What had he got them into now?

Jessie stopped running and started walking instead. Her mind started

to clear. It had come so sudden. She and James had been kissing! She had never ever pictured herself in that position, but she had liked it so much. She didn't know what to think or what to feel. She sat down on a one of the large rocks and looked out on the lake.

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"A lake did I find, and peace in me mind," she thought. The lake did help her mind to find peace, but she was still confused. She looked up at the sky. She had not noticed that the once blue sky now was dark and covered with clouds. It looked more like James' painting, and it was getting dark. Suddenly it started to rain.

"Great," she said to herself. "Exactly what I need."

She got up and started to run towards the cottage in an attempt to avoid becoming wet. The large rocks had turned slippery under her feet and suddenly she slipped and fell on her foot. The pain shot through her body and suddenly she felt the water of the lake embrace her. It was cold and her foot was useless due to the pain. She panicked and started to strike her arms all around in an attempt to keep herself above the surface. She screamed and heard a loud splash close by. Two strong arms suddenly held her, and she caught a glimpse of two green emerald eyes.

"James!" she gasped.

"I'm here, Jess," she heard him say. "It'll be all right."

He dragged her up from the lake and she shivered. She did not think she had ever been so cold. James did not show any signs of freezing, although he had to be just as cold as her.

"Come on," he said. "We have to get in, or you'll freeze to death."

She tried to nod and followed him inside. The warmth must have made her brain fuzzy, because she did not know what happened before she woke up from her little hibernation, sitting on the bearskin in front of the flaming fireplace, draped in a warm blanket. She remembered that she had been given a blanket and that she had taken off her clothes. She felt a bit warmer, but was still cold. Her foot was still aching but she didn't seem to be severely hurt. She wondered where James were. Before she had finished the thought he sat down besides her, he too draped in a large blanket.

"Are you alright?" he asked. His voice was filled with compassion and care.

"I think so," she said and nodded. "How did you know?"

"When the rain started I had a gut feeling and went out to find you, and when I heard you scream I guess my instincts and emotions took over."

"I'm sorry I just ran off like that," she said. "I just needed to think."

"Do you want to talk about it?" he asked.

"I don't know what to say," she said. "I don't know what happened."

He gently removed a lock of her hair from her face.

"I do," he whispered. "I have always wanted to tell you, Jessica, but I have been afraid it would ruin the friendship we already had. But I guess it doesn't matter anymore."

She felt his hand take hers. She looked into his gentle, green eyes.

"Jessie," he said. "I love you. I love you more than anything."

Suddenly she felt tears running down her cheek. His caring gaze suddenly filled with fear.

"Jessie, are you all right, did Iâ€¦"

"It's okay," she said, and the tears kept coming. "Iâ€¦ I think I love you too."

He opened his mouth to say something, but their lips met again in a kiss filled with passion and love. She did not know what she was doing, but suddenly she found her hands searching across his body, removing the blanket and she felt his hands do the same. He broke the kiss and looked at her.

"Jessieâ€¦" he began.

"Don't speak," she said. "Just follow me."

"I want you so much," he whispered into her ear.

"I am yours," she whispered back.

They fell into each other's arms on the bearskin, seeking a warmth that did not come from blankets or fireplaces, rather the fire from within their hearts. For every touch it burned more intense, and there was no stop to their passion. They were shielded from the rest of the world, obeying their feelings without hesitations and for one short moment their souls united in a warm, bright symphony of love.

When it was over James laid on the bearskin, staring up the roof. Jessie rested her head on his chest, listening to the beat of his heart.

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_It beats for me, _she thought happily. She had never felt so secure, so peaceful, so whole and complete, as if a big piece that had been removed from her had returned.

"That was wonderful," she said and kissed him again. "Thank you."

"You know," he said. "I must confess something. You were right all

the time; I did run away because of what you said. I was hurt and I though you would never love me back."

"But what if I had not screamed to you like that?" she asked.

"Then I would probably not have run away, and this would never have happened," he said and suddenly smiled. "I'm glad you did."

"So am I," Jessie said and cuddled up in his arms. "We have known each other for so long, why did it take so long for me to realise what I wanted?"

"Don't think of what used to be," he said and made her look at him. "We have each other now and that is all that matters."

She laid still for a moment. "Do you know what I want?" she finally asked.

"What, my love?" he asked, and she could tell from his voice that he would probably take the stars down and make her a necklace from them if she demanded it.

"I want you to finish my portrait," she said.

"Will you help me?" he asked.

"Yes, my love, I will."

She sat completely still in front of him, in the same pose as in his sketch.

"Just relax," he said. "Let your thoughts flow."

She did. She thought of him, his scent, his touch and his eyes, the sound of his voice and his kiss. Again she experienced the feeling of being whole. He was even beautiful when busy painting her portrait. That concentrated look on his face and the spot of paint in his cheek. She sighed, how could she had missed it?

He took a step back, examining his creation.

"Oh my god," he said with a surprised look on his face.

"What?" she asked and left her pose. She looked at the painting. It was her, almost as a photography. The sun was playing on her hair and her eyes almost looked like real ones. Her face wore an expression of true happiness, pure and strong.

"How did youâ€¦?" she asked, amazed.

"I don't know," he answered. "I just painted what I saw in you."

She put her arms around his neck. "I love you, James."

"I love you to," he said and kissed her.

Reviews are appreciated.

End

file.